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enough to write a book; his genius, burning when it was once kindled to a white heat, soon exhausted itself; while, on the contrary, Hawthorne occasionally impresses us with an idea of endless continuity, as in his descriptions of Clifford, while his culminations are not inferior to Poe's. The writer of *Sir Rohan's Ghost* exerts all the artistic combination of Poe, in merging every incident to the grand climax, with much of the power of Hawthorne in analyzing mental idiosyncrasies. We consider *Sir Rohan's Ghost* as an artistic effort second only to any book in American fictitious literature, and that one book is Hawthorne's "*Scarlet Letter*." The romance of *Sir Rohan's Ghost* is marred by a few faults inevitable in any writer who attempts to portray scenes and phases of society of which they have learned only through books—as for instance the *social impossibility* of a young lady in England, in Miss Miriam's position in life, really partaking of a house-cleaning *mêlée* in a gentleman's residence where she was a guest. And, then again, the putting of such an Americanism as "I'm all up a tree" into the mouth of an untravelled Englishman,—but these and such as these are minor faults, in no essential degree affecting the merit of the book.

And, with all the felt power, we need not hesitate to say genius, displayed in this romance, there is yet a certain lack of something, better felt than can be described; it is not an intellectual want, that is everywhere met, and you are satisfied that the author could deal with other themes as easily as she handles indifferently soul-psychology or the working of a mine; but there is in this book no geniality—neither Miriam's wretched puns nor St. Denys' more hearty sunshine, succeed in ameliorating the chilling atmosphere which the Ghost distills from her wings; nor do the rich imaginings of Miriam, while holding the priceless vintage of Tokay in her hands, beguile the reader into even the transitory hope that he has escaped the Ghost in the "Wine Cellar"—we know the Ghost will come in some shape, and we cannot enjoy ourselves even there. Perhaps the author meant we should never forget the Ghost any more than Sir Rohan could. If so, the purpose was more successful than healthful. Besides the lack of geniality there is an absence of all religious aspiration, and but slight suggestion of even a high morality. We do not, of course, want a sermon insinuated into a novel, but in a book of over three hundred pages—dealing, too, with a soul diseased,—we do not see hardly how the opportunity could have been altogether missed of indicating that there are better resources for sin-stained souls than the heat of battle-fields, the pursuit of pleasure, the delights of literature, or even the fascinations of art. Herein we find the "*Scarlet Letter*" the superior of "*Sir Rohan's Ghost*;" that torture "disciplined" one at least "to truth," but the sufferings of Sir Rohan effect nothing but his death, and incidentally some advance in his art. In the "*Scarlet Letter*" we

feel that there is but equal-handed justice in the torments of Arthur Dimmisdale—for was not his victim suffering year by year, day by day, hour by hour a torture which would have been equal to his, if the open can ever compare with the concealed? But for Sir Rohan, his betrayed was years ago sleeping the quiet sleep, while he, shaken forever over the hell of his own fears, seemed destined to suffer capital punishment without end or scarcely respite. We are glad to have known Sir Rohan's Ghost, as we should have liked to have looked once through the seven deepening circles of the Inferno, but we could no more make a friend of the book, despite its splendid passages, than we could take to our hearts the recent tenant of a charnel house. We are glad to know that there is a writer just standing on the threshold of authorship* possessing the power of creation, the grasp of thought, the compass of imagination sufficient to fill out the full measure of such a life as Sir Rohan's; we prize it for its artistic suggestions, its exquisite botanizing, for its landscapes, its sea views and its wonders under the earth, for the flavor of its sparkling wines and the precious odor of its fragrant plants—but not for the companionship of the commonplace St. Denys, the imperfect Miriam, the somewhat too poetical steward, the rascal Arundle, or—the Ghost. We are glad to have read this book—it is worth any one's reading—but we do not want another like it. We would rather see the talent of such a writer expended on characters whom it would be a pleasure for us to cherish as friends, or at least among whom we might select a friend—some one to whom we could go for strength and inspiration, and whose company would be a perpetual moral tonic, and whom we should always like to have about us—we do not want another *Ghost*.

E. V. S.

SEPARATION.

LINES SUGGESTED BY A DRAWING BY O. T. BARRY.†

"THE morning light! it shines on me
As never morning shone before.
What tender, beckoning looks I see,
While open swings the pearly door!
Sister, that dear, glad angel's smile
Is like a smile we used to know.
You cannot come?—a little while,
The door stands open—let me go!"

"She sees the heavenly dawn behind
The cloud that drops dull rain on me.
My sunbeam flies its source to find:—
Yet ah! my heart has need of thee!
I cannot lift my eyes, nor smile,
Though thee from hence I would not keep.
I know 'tis but a little while—
A little while:—yet I must weep."

LUCY LARCOM.

* The author of *Sir Rohan's Ghost* is a young lady—Miss Harriet Prescott, of Newburyport, Mass.

† Incorrectly printed in our last number, and, therefore, republished.